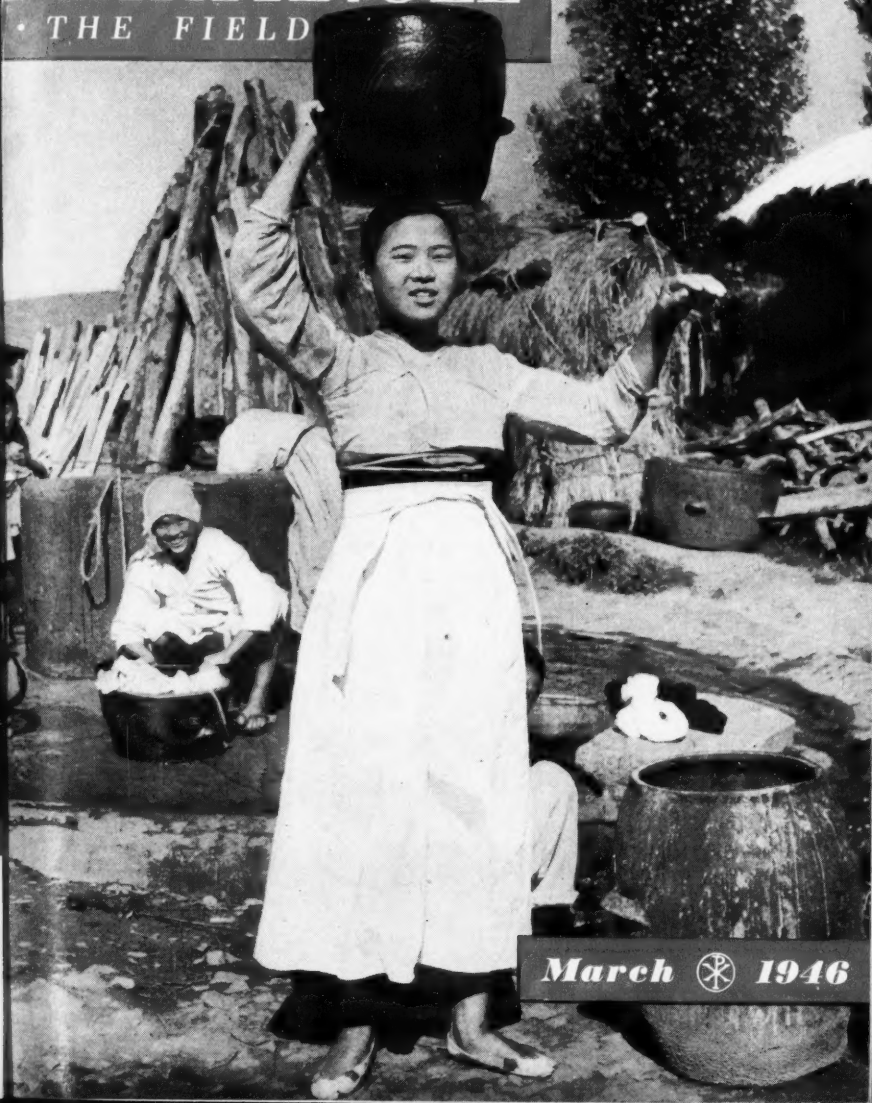
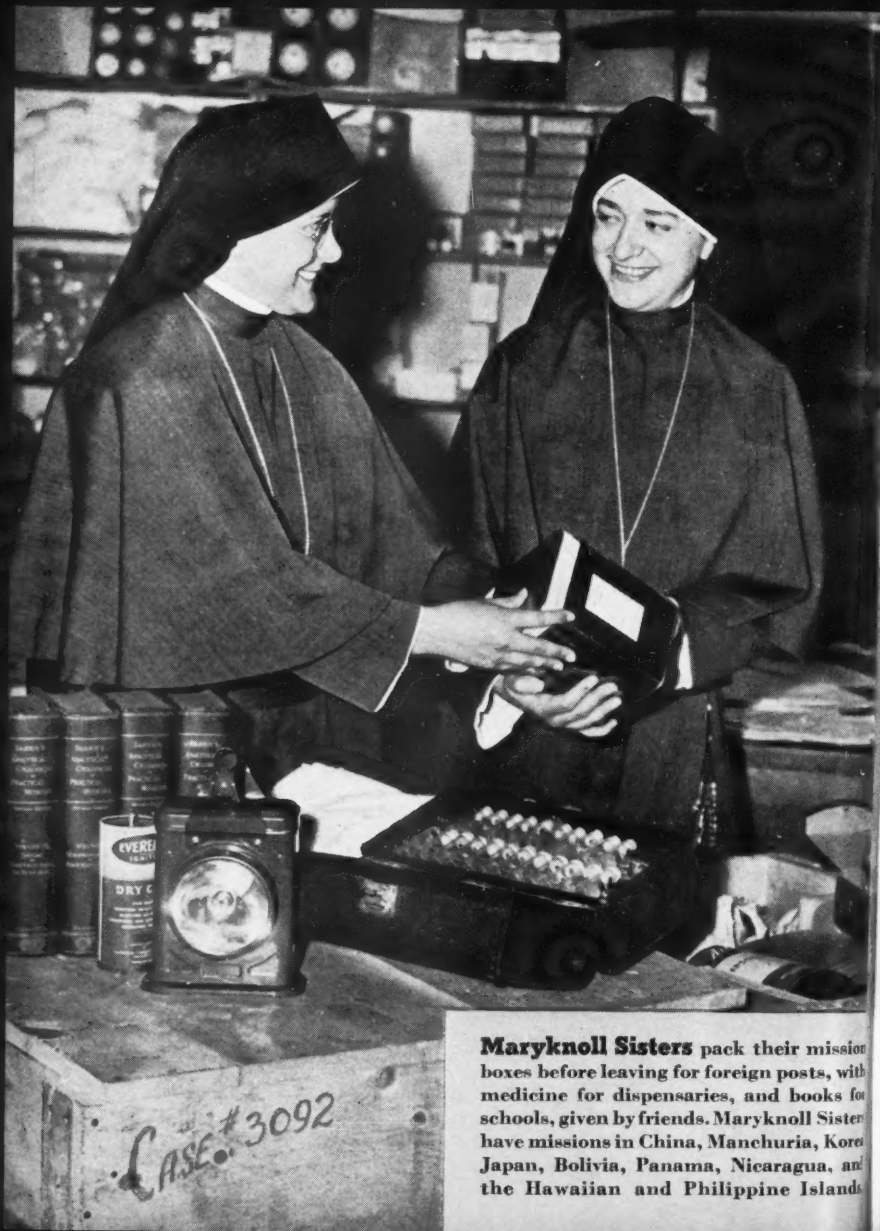


# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD



March  1946



**Maryknoll Sisters** pack their mission boxes before leaving for foreign posts, with medicine for dispensaries, and books for schools, given by friends. Maryknoll Sisters have missions in China, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, Bolivia, Panama, Nicaragua, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands.

# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •

*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*

**Address all communications:**

**The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

## **Among this issue's features:**

**Our Cover:** While nations argue "spheres of influence" in Korea, women there are busy with more immediate wasday tasks.

**Two G.I.'s in Japan.** Two Yanks "capture" a Japanese town singlehanded and have a grand time doing it. *Page 2*

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**Bandits in Virtue Street.** The bandits came for Father Jacques, and he invited them to tea. *Page 20*

**The Fox Wife.** An age-old folk tale from China, interestingly told by Maryknoll's Father Thomas V. Kiernan. *Page 39*

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**Little man — big camera**

Since some State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:  
*The Making of a Catholic Will.*

**Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.**

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# Two G.I.'s in Japan

by S/SGT. FRED POST

**T**HE FILES of the War Department make no mention of the unauthorized capture of Kamagori by two G.I.'s. And I hope they never will; because if they do, Ray and I will watch the world go by from the windows of the guardhouse, instead of sitting here in Nagoya awaiting an early discharge — we hope! Actually, we never intended to capture Kamagori. It was all a misunderstanding. Perhaps I'd better go back to the beginning.

I am a supply sergeant with the Engineers, and Corporal Ray Murphy is my chief assistant. We hit it off well together, Ray and I. We came up from the Philippines with General MacArthur, to help occupy Japan — at least, what was left of Japan after our B-29 raids. The damage

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**This amazing event could happen only in Japan. Fred Post is the pen name of the author, a staff sergeant and brother of a Maryknoll Sister.**

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done by these bombers can't be described. You have to see the ruined cities, to really understand.

The occupation of Japan turned out to be a lot easier than any of us dreamed it would be. The Japanese have taken their defeat well; and from the first day of our arrival here, we have been going out without rifles. Things proved so easy that we have more free time than we expected, and as a result Ray and I have been seeing a bit of Nippon, and that's how we came to capture Kamagori.

Two days ago Ray and I had a confab, with the result that we decided to see some city that had not yet been occupied. We wanted to see Japan as it is without the influence of American troops. After a lengthy conversation with the travel bureau at the Nagoya R.R. Station, we purchased tickets to Kamagori. This used to be a famous resort city and is about an hour-and-a-half's train ride from here. The ride was uneventful, but when we stepped off the train at Kamagori, things began to pop.

The stationmaster came rushing up the platform, bowing and giving forth with Japanese greetings. We looked behind us, because we thought it was someone

**I took out my Japanese phrase book**





else he meant. But no — the greetings were for us! Somewhat bewildered, we allowed him to escort us into a beautifully furnished private waiting room, which must have been used by celebrities during normal times.

When I didn't sit in the most comfortable chair, the stationmaster became all excited, and to please him I changed chairs. It was a treat to sink down into a soft mohair chair after all those months of sitting on boards.

While tea was being served, I took out my Japanese phrase book and, with the aid of my finger, asked whether an English-speaking guide was available. The stationmaster requested us to wait, and bowed himself out of the room.

"What gives?" I asked Ray.

"You have me," he replied. "The stationmaster in Nagoya must have wired we were coming. Maybe he thinks you are General MacArthur."

I began to suspect that Ray was right when, a moment later, the stationmaster came bowing back into the room, accompanied by about a dozen other bowing Japanese and an interpreter. The latter spoke perfect English and told us later that he had spent thirty years in Los Angeles, where he was in the produce business. We were then introduced to the mayor, the chief of police, the district head of the Army, the editors of three newspapers, who were accompanied by photographers and reporters, as well as several other big shots of the city.

### **Ask for Orders**

WITH the preliminaries over, the mayor informed us that it was a great honor to welcome the first Americans to Kamagori. "What orders do you have for us?" he added.

"We have no orders," we replied. "We

have only come to visit your city."

"It will give us great pleasure to show you our city," the mayor answered. "We are greatly embarrassed that, owing to wartime conditions, we have no limousines. However, we have made other provisions, if they will be agreeable to you."

We told him that whatever he had prepared would be most acceptable. We went out of the station and found a truck standing against the curb. On the bed of the truck, two luxurious mohair sofas had been placed for our use. Two Japanese soldiers had been assigned to handle the bench which allowed us to step in and out of the truck with ease.

### **Officials with Us**

AS we rode about the city, people would look up at the truck and then give a jump when they spotted us. They calmed down a bit when they saw their officials riding with us, though there were some who darted into their homes like scared rabbits. When we entered a store, any children there would start crying, and they couldn't be calmed until our departure. I don't think they ever saw two such tall human beings before.

While on the tour, the photographers took pictures of Ray and me together, and then of us with the mayor and his gang. We gave the editor our address, and he promised to mail us a copy of the papers.

The highlight of our tour was our visit to the International Hotel. What a beautiful spot that was! The hotel sits high on a hill, which extends like a thumb into the bay, and the view defies description. Ray, who in civilian life manages a hotel in Indiana, fell in love with the place at first sight and wasn't satisfied until he had examined every nook and corner. The hotel had been closed for the past three years, but everything had been opened up

for us. It is exquisitely furnished, and all rooms have accompanying tiled baths; the corridors are of marble, with tiled floors.

Everywhere we stopped, we had been treated to a cup of tea — the best I have tasted anywhere. Here at the hotel, however, we were treated to a surprise. We were seated at a perfectly set table and served a really delicious meal. For dessert we had two peeled and sliced apples, which were a treat for us after weeks of K-rations.

### **Fond of Candy**

WHEN it came time for us to leave, we were again escorted to the station. There we found a whole section of the platform had been cleared for our exclusive use. We were again served tea in the reception room. After tea we presented each of our hosts with a chocolate bar, which pleased them no end, for they are very fond of candy and they have had none for the past three years. The interpreter said that having a chocolate bar is a dream come true! Just think — we are tired of the things, and these people go wild over them.

When the train arrived, the officials began clearing a car for our exclusive use, but we put a stop to that and beckoned the people to be seated again. After many farewells, we took our departure.

The train ride back gave us a chance to think. I told Ray that the officials must have mistaken us for members of the American Diplomatic Corps. We both agreed that some general is going to receive no reception when he takes over the city; and I'm inclined to believe he will have conniptions when he is shown the pictures of the sergeant and the corporal who received the reception which should have been accorded him. I'd give a month's pay if I could watch the general's face when he sees those newspapers.

When we stepped off the train at Nagoya, we were met by an interpreter who was accompanied by a G.I. sergeant.

"Now we go to the hoosegow," Ray moaned.

The sergeant came up to us. "Are you the two Americans who just arrived from Kamagori?" he asked.

When we replied in the affirmative, the interpreter asked us to follow him. I could see Ray get the guardhouse look, and I wasn't feeling too well myself. But instead of taking us to an awaiting military police car, they led us into a private rest room.

"What's this all about?" I asked the sergeant.

"Maybe you can tell me!" he said. "All I know is that I've been sent down by headquarters to meet two great Americans arriving from Kamagori on this train. You are the only Americans on the train. So —."

"But how did you know we were coming?" ventured Ray.

### **Lost in Trolley**

THE officials at Kamagori wired the Nagoya stationmaster, and he in turn notified American Army headquarters." the sergeant answered.

"Well, we are all right. You can go now," said Ray, his confidence returning. The sergeant gave us a queer look and departed.

Next we dismissed the interpreter, waited a respectable time, and then decided to leave, ourselves. We boarded a trolley for the ride back to camp, but took the wrong car and became lost. We rode to the end of the line and got off. We went over to the car barn, hoping to get some directions, but no one seemed to understand English.

Everyone we spoke to pulled out a card which read: "Sorry! I understand and



**The occupation of Japan turned out to be a lot easier than we dreamed**

“speak no foreign language.” With the card, you get a grin and a bow.

Finally, someone had the bright idea to take us to police headquarters. Then we were ushered into a private parlor and introduced to the police chief and his staff. They knew very few words of English, but they did know enough to ask us if we should like a bottle of beer! We were seated and served, and during the next half hour, with the aid of an American-Japanese dictionary the chief produced, we made ourselves understood. We treated our hosts to some cigarettes and carried on quite a book conversation.

Presently the chief informed us they were ready to take us where we wanted to

go, and he escorted us to a waiting black sedan. We were driven in style to our very door. The chief insisted we visit him again, and we parted by promising we would get lost again.

Now, wasn't that some experience? The entire affair cost us exactly twenty-four cents each in American currency, and that was for our railroad fare to Kamagori. The return ticket wasn't even punched, because, upon arrival at Nagoya, we were ushered out a private gate by the interpreter. It was close to midnight when we reached our camp. And so came to an end the adventure of two lowly G.I.'s who were “kings” for a day!—and are now looking forward to our return home.

# One Hundred Ducks a Night

by THOMAS J. BRACK

**M**AAN KUNG was getting old. The fact was evident in his unsteady crossing of the stream that separated his village from the mission, and in his labored climbing of the stone steps that led from the rice field up to our compound. The fact was manifest in the trembling of his slender hands as he lit his long pipe, which had been filled from my tobacco tin.

The old man's visits usually were made this way: I supplied the tobacco, and he the stories—especially the story about the ducks.

"Now, Maan Kung," I said, "do you mean to sit there and tell me that your uncle actually ate one hundred ducks in one night?"

"So help me!" he answered. "That was long before Father Mac came here to build this church; long before these two villages adopted the Faith. You see, my uncle worked for Old Man Lai, the rich farmer who owned these rice fields long ago. Uncle lived in Lai's house, worked with him, and ate with him. And all the time Old Man Lai taunted Uncle about his appetite. For my uncle could eat! He ate with enthusiasm and completeness. Yet

all the while he complained that he was being starved.

"One night, when they had visitors and the wine was very good, Old Man Lai said he thought my uncle could eat four or five ducks, all by himself. 'Five ducks?' asked Uncle. 'Why, I could put away a hundred in one night!'

"They drank one cup of wine, and it became a wager. If on the following night Uncle could eat a hundred ducks, then Old Man Lai would give him the rice field near the bamboo grove. If he should fail, then Uncle would have to pay Old Lai for the ducks he ate, and never more complain of his frustrated appetite.

## Starvation for a Day

**T**HE next day was a difficult one for Uncle. He wasn't particularly worried but he became extremely hungry. He went without breakfast and ate only two bowls of rice gruel to sustain him during the day. But Uncle's hunger was mild compared to that of the ducks. There is nothing hungrier than a hungry duck, and Uncle didn't give them a grain of rice all day.

"Instead, he kept rattling the rice measure, so that the ducks would be reminded of how hungry they were. At six o'clock, when Old Lai locked Uncle and the hundred ducks in the kitchen, starvation was written in one hundred and one pairs of eyes!

"Uncle had until six the next morning to win the rice field. Stimulated by hunger, he built a roaring fire, and the caldron sang as it boiled. As fast as he could dress the ducks, Uncle popped them into the boiling water. The other ducks couldn't



figure what was happening, but they knew they were hungry, and they smelled good food cooking. Soon they were gulping down whole morsels of boiled duck as fast as Uncle could feed them!

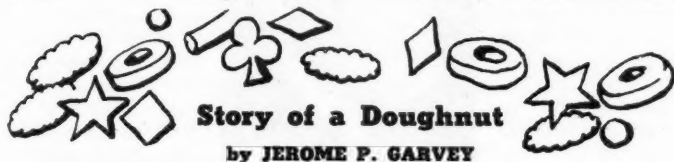
"Uncle spent a busy hour, dressing ducks, cooking ducks, and feeding the ones that were left. Fifty ducks disappeared before their companions were sated. Then Uncle sat down and limited himself to five more. It was just a snack, but he had much work to do before morning. After that, he damped the fire, and he and the forty-five remaining ducks went to sleep.

"At nine o'clock, Uncle woke up and started in again. The ducks were hungry and wanted more. Uncle fed them nineteen, and ate one himself just to keep the

number even. Another nap until midnight — and then ten more ducks disappeared. At three in the morning, Uncle had a duck, and his dwindling companions accounted for four more. That left only five, which were easily disposed of in the final assault.

"At six o'clock, Old Man Lai unlocked the kitchen door. He found Uncle sound asleep, with the peace that follows enjoyable labor on his face. And in the corner piled neatly — for Uncle was neat — was a mound of feathers and duck bones.

"There is Grandson, plowing in the field that Uncle won that night," concluded my guest, pointing with his shaky finger. Then he was gone, down the stone steps and across the stream, picking his uncertain way in the waning April sunlight.



RECENTLY one of our priests visited the Holy Cross Fathers in Santiago, and found a heaping plate of doughnuts set before him. Absence surely makes the taste grow fonder — and as one doughnut followed the other, our epicure decided, then and there, to obtain the recipe and take it back with him.

The cook at the Holy Cross Fathers' house had been trained by the American Sisters of Villa Maria Academy. From those good Sisters, the recipe was obtained. After it was put into Spanish, it was not too difficult to explain to our cook, but one aspect assumed serious proportions later. Perfect in taste, weight, and consistency, the doughnuts lacked one characteristic — correct form. There were square doughnuts, star-shaped doughnuts — long,

short, and oval doughnuts — every type but the one familiar to us all. Even the Maryknoller's description of a miniature automobile tire did not put the idea across to our native cook.

But suddenly the problem was solved. Rain had been falling in the morning, and the ground was still muddy. Father stepped outside and very seriously set to work to make a mud pie. It soon developed into the well-known doughnut with the hole in the middle. Triumphant he bore his masterpiece to the kitchen and presented it to the cook. A moment of puzzled gazing — and then the idea was grasped. Amid much laughter, the knotty problem of the hole in the doughnut was solved. Now our cook proudly presents us with "coffee and —."

# Hawaii: Outboard Diocese

by J. RYAN HUGHES

**"B**LESS ME, FATHER, for I have sinned. But I don't know how to confess in Hawaiian."

Father Victorinus Claesen, who does a Curé of Ars business in the confessional at the Cathedral of Our Lady of Peace, in Honolulu, assured the sailor that American would be all right.

"You see, Father, I just came over from the States," the penitent began, not realizing that he was still "in" the United States. For although Hawaii is not a State, it is "Hawaii, U.S.A." to Uncle Sam, and has been ever since 1897.

The courtyard of the cathedral in Honolulu is right at the center of the crossroads of the Pacific. The statue of *Notre Dame de la Paix* (Our Lady of Peace) is a meeting place of the nations. As with the *Café de la Paix* in Paris, if you sit there long enough you will meet everybody in the world. Overhead lies the track through the air followed by aircraft of every size and shape, the passing of which makes the grounded layman feel he is living under Brooklyn Bridge. The environment is cosmopolitan.

One doughboy back from the far Pacific said he was surprised to find the Hawaiian people looking just like the Japanese he had seen. Actually, the "Hawaiians" he had seen were Japanese or Japanese-Americans, mostly from Okinawa origins. Half

the population of Honolulu is of Japanese blood, as is one-third of the total population of the Territory. The rest of the 450,000 inhabitants are mostly Portuguese, Chinese, Filipino, Puerto Rican, with a

few thousands *haoles* (newcomers) from the continental United States.

There are only some 15,000 pure Hawaiians left, although a century ago they numbered over 300,000. The last of the Hawaiian royal line, the Princess Kawanakoa, died an hour before President Roosevelt did. She was a Catholic, and on her deathbed she was attended by a Maryknoll Father.

The task of bringing Christ's truth to these Islands (formerly named

for the Earl of Sandwich) was originally entrusted to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. These priests are called the Picpus Fathers because of their foundation in Paris. Starting in 1827, they carried the work on practically alone for a full century. They converted over half the Hawaiians, although the Congregational ministers had had a head start and were the power behind the royal throne.

The Picpus Fathers adapted themselves to the new land. They learned to preach in Hawaiian, English, Portuguese, Filipino, and Spanish for the Puerto Ricans; some even tried to learn Chinese, and later Japanese. Their purpose was to preach



Author lives in Honolulu



Christ to successive waves of immigrants from all quarters of the globe; no other mission field presented such a variety of languages as was found in Hawaii. The matter was complicated by the various origins of the Sacred Hearts missionaries: they were French, Irish, Belgian, Dutch, German, even American. In spite of all handicaps, they laid solid foundations and established a solid Church in the Islands.

When the Most Reverend James J. Sweeney, of San Francisco, was named first Bishop of Honolulu, in 1941, there had already been six bishops who were vicars apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands. The first — Bishop Rouchouze, appointed in 1840 — was lost at sea or martyred, two years later, together with six priests, a subdeacon, seven lay Brothers, ten Sisters, and a Mangareva native boy. The sixth, Bishop Stephen Alencastre, died on board ship, returning from San Francisco in 1940. When Bishop Stephen died, about one-third of the people in the Islands belonged to the Catholic Faith. Statistics are based on the number of baptisms per year, as no complete Church census has ever been made.

At the close of 1945, there were 90 priests at work in the Diocese of Honolulu. They were: Sacred Heart Fathers, 60; Maryknoll Fathers, 16; Marianists, 4; Marists, 4; diocesan clergy, 3; from San Francisco archdiocese, 2; Paris Foreign Missions Father, 1. The Brothers included: Marianists, 77; Sacred Hearts Brothers, 9; Maryknollers, 2. In all, there were 323 Sisters. They included the following communities: Sacred Hearts; Maryknoll Sisters; Franciscans; St. Joseph (Syracuse, New York); St. Joseph (Orange, New Jersey). There are 20 schools, besides St. Stephen's Preparatory Seminary. Sisters conduct 16 of the schools; Marianist Brothers conduct 4. Franciscan Sisters have the St.



**Mother Mary Joseph, Mother General of our Sisters, arriving in Hawaii for an official visitation of the 119 Maryknoll Sisters stationed there**

Francis Hospital. There are 3 orphanages, caring for a total of 194 children.

The diocese has only three priests of its own, and one of these is about to enter the Sacred Hearts Congregation. Father Brendan Furtado was ordained in Honolulu for the Congregation, on September 26, 1945. His was the first ordination since Bishop Stephen was made a priest, in 1902. Others have been ordained abroad: in Belgium, Manila, Tokyo, and the United States. The three diocesan priests are of Portuguese, Puerto Rican, and Japanese ancestry. The first ordination in Honolulu was in 1841, when Father Barnabe Castan became a priest.

St. Stephen's Seminary, founded in 1929, had twenty-five students at the close of 1945. They attended high school at St. Louis College, or the seventh and



**Bishop Sweeney greeted in Honolulu**

eighth grades at Cathedral School. After finishing their earlier courses, they will be sent to the mainland, to St. Joseph's Preparatory Seminary at Mountain View, California. Even if all these students were to persevere, the present enrollment would not nearly make up for the loss of priests from death, sickness or assignment elsewhere. There is no prospect that Honolulu will be able to staff its forty-eight parishes and sixty outmissions, from native vocations, within the twentieth century. The great need of the Church in the Islands is an increase of native aspirants and, to accommodate them, a large seminary. The increase in aspirants would be aided greatly by an extension of parochial-school

facilities, and the founding of diocesan high schools and an arts-course college.

Travel between the islands is mainly by air. Several planes leave daily from Oahu for each of the "outer islands." The flight takes thirty minutes to Molokai; another half hour to Maui; and another to Hawaii. To Kauai, the trip requires forty-five minutes, in a Douglas passenger liner — the type generally used.

When the military write for mainland readers, they refer to Oahu as Pearl Harbor. Major Devereux takes off for San Francisco "from Pearl," but he really leaves from the Naval Air Station, Honolulu. A lad's mother is told he died, without enemy action, at Pearl Harbor; actually, he died from an accident at Schofield Barracks, fifteen miles away.

Well over a million men in the armed forces have passed through Honolulu since the war started. Many of them have stayed here a year or more. There were seventy-three Catholic priests at a chaplains' meeting in August, 1945, and that did not include all those on duty on Oahu or any from the other islands. The Vicar Delegate for the Military Ordinariate is Bishop Sweeney.

The Diocese of Honolulu includes all islands of the Hawaiian group (therefore also Midway Island); besides Palmyra, Washington, Fanning, and Christmas Islands. Washington, Fanning, and Christmas are under the British flag. No civilian priest or bishop from Honolulu has ever visited any of these islands, outside of the central group of Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Maui, Hawaii. Within the memory of man, no priest has been allowed to visit Niihau, which is within sight of Kauai and inhabited; it is the feudal domain of the Robinson family, descendants of the Protestant missionaries who came to the Hawaiian Islands in 1820.

# A CATHOLIC STATEMENT ON KOREA

The following statement  
was signed on June 7, 1945, by prominent  
Catholics in many parts of the United States.

**T**HE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the President of the Chinese Republic pledged freedom and independence to Korea at the Cairo Conference, in November, 1943.

For the thirty-five years since the close of the Russo-Japanese War, the twenty-three millions of Korea have been deprived of their freedom.

We deem it opportune that the status of Korea be made as widely known as possible to the American people, so that the Cairo pledge may be given the support of an informed public opinion.

Only by national independence can the "Four Freedoms" — especially that of religion — be assured to these deserving people of the Orient, who, up to the beginning of the war, were rapidly becoming Christian.

This is a matter of justice to Korea, and of considerable importance to future peace in the Far East. And we believe it is not too much to say that the fulfillment of the Cairo pledge is an affair of our national honor — first, because of the pledge itself; secondly, because the United States made with Korea, back in 1882, a treaty of mutual assistance which has never been revoked.

Implementation of the Cairo declaration, therefore, is no more than a belated act of reparation to a nation which always looked to the United States with hope, and persistently regarded our Nation as a friend. One of the outstanding officials of our State Department has declared, "With the restoration of Korean independence, one of the great crimes of the twentieth century will have been rectified, and another stabilizing factor will have been added to the new international system which must be constructed in the Pacific."

Believing therefore that these aspirations of the Korean people are a matter of international justice and to the best interests of future world peace, we heartily endorse these principles and the educational program by which the organization known as *Catholics for Korea* is seeking to make them known to the American public.

# 3 among 40,000

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

**A**S THE TRAIN dips suddenly into the great bowl that holds La Paz, Bolivia, one experiences the breath-taking sensation that here men live in houses perched at right angles. Here men not only are crowded into the bottom of the valley, but seemingly hang, contrary to the law of gravity, to the clifflike sides of the great bowl.

In this city of 300,000 persons, practically all of whom are Catholics, there are only twelve parish churches. The Archdiocese of La Paz is desperately short of priests: it has less than one hundred in all.

The newest parish is Villa Victoria, a slum section up near the very rim of the bowl. Heretofore it had no church. Now three Maryknoll Fathers care for the parish, and the need for them can be estimated by the fact that they have to look after the spiritual welfare of 40,000 parishioners!

## Labor Conditions

**F**ATHER JAMES FLAHERTY, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Father Fred Walker, of East Boston, Massachusetts, have captured completely the smiling youngsters, and through them they hope to win the older folk. The newest of the three missionaries is Father William Moeschler, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin. He recently attended the School of Sociology at the University of St. Louis. In the spirit of the times, he has made a cursory social survey of this hive of Bolivian humanity.

Of the 40,000 persons in the care of the three Maryknoll Fathers, sixty per cent are Aymara Indians. The remaining forty

per cent are mestizos, with less than half white blood in their veins.

Five per cent are office workers; twenty-five per cent are small merchants. Skilled laborers form ten per cent, with factory workers and day laborers totaling twenty-five per cent each. The remaining ten per cent are unclassified. The factory workers include children, who receive twenty cents an hour for the day shift, of eight hours, and thirty cents an hour on the night shift.

## Living Conditions

**T**HIRTY per cent of the homes in the parish are owned by individuals. Most of the houses consist of one room and an annex for cooking. All are extremely crowded, averaging six persons per room. When former Vice President Wallace was in La Paz, the Maryknollers took him into a house in Villa Victoria, and he gasped to find that, in five rooms, some twenty-five people slept, with filth and disorder everywhere.

There is no heat in the houses, although the temperature drops below zero. One half of the homes have electricity, and the other half depend on candlelight. Some forty per cent have water piped in, while the tenants of the remainder go to public fountains. Three or four streets have sewers; the others have the open-gutter system.

The food is principally carbohydrates (bread, potatoes, rice), with very little meat, since the latter is quite expensive. Most of the Indians are physically strong, yet tuberculosis is common among them. Infant mortality is fifty per cent, with mother-and-child diseases high.

Between ten per cent and fifteen per cent of the adults are moderately literate; they can read a newspaper and write a simple letter. On the basis of the standard estimate that thirty per cent of a population is below twenty years of age, the parish contains 12,000 young people; yet there is but one school in the area, with a maximum capacity of 250.

Within the parish limits, there are no institutions for the poor, orphans, aged, or crippled. For the sick, there is now a health center set up jointly by the Bolivian Government and the United States Co-ordinator. But no properly certified doctor lives within the limits of the parish.

All the residents are nominal Catholics, except some fifty Quakers, who operate a meeting house, and a few Baptists, who have no property. When the Maryknollers arrived, they said Mass out-of-doors; but now they have built an adobe chapel, which accommodates 300 of the 40,000! A second chapel is contemplated.

Although almost one hundred per cent of the people are baptized, only about a thousand of them attend the four Masses now celebrated. Thus Sunday church attendance is about two and one-half per cent. A notable percentage of these churchgoers are men who have been attracted back to religion by the athletic program of the priests.

Practically no one goes to Communion. There are not fifty Communions a month, except among the children now being trained.

Only about ten per cent of the people receive Extreme Unction at death. It will prove difficult to train the people to call the priest in cases of grave illness, until they become accustomed to having among them sufficient priests for this important service.

There is no embalming, and for sanitary



Maria, Maryknoll's cook in La Paz

reasons the law forbids the corpse to be brought to the church. Hence the parish priest has very little connection with burial. Sometimes the priest is invited to say prayers at the home. There is a chaplain at the La Paz cemetery, for all services at the grave.

Probably sixty per cent of the families have sacramental marriages; ninety per cent of the Indians are thus married, and

five per cent of the mestizos. Some of the others have civil marriages, but most unions are common-law ones. There is no great sanction against such unions.

Systematic religious instruction is now being given to 500 young people. But there is no immediate prospect of adequate provision, because there is a grave lack of teachers. A Catholic school has been opened and has a first class of fifty. It will provide eventually for some ten per cent of the children in the parish.

For adult men and women, there are no parish organizations. For young men, there are sports groups; but for young women, nothing. For boys, there are recreational facilities and an altar boys'

society; for girls, nothing. The Catholic social-action program is a matter for future development. The Pope's call for organized Catholic Action has, up to the moment, fallen on deaf ears. Maryknollers are trying to remedy this situation here.

The present local income of the parish is fifteen dollars per month. Support of the Church is unknown as such; the people are accustomed only to the paying of fees on receiving certain of the sacraments.

Perhaps Father Moeschler's survey will help to indicate to Catholics in the United States the good things that can be done for God through the ministrations of the priests who represent them in South America.

## The RELIGION TEACHER and the WORLD

Sister M. Rosalia, M.H.S.H., an authority on doctrinal instruction, with the collaboration of Father Considine and Sister M. Juliana of Maryknoll, presents lessons, stories, and background material for parents and teachers. Grades I-III. *Bruce.*

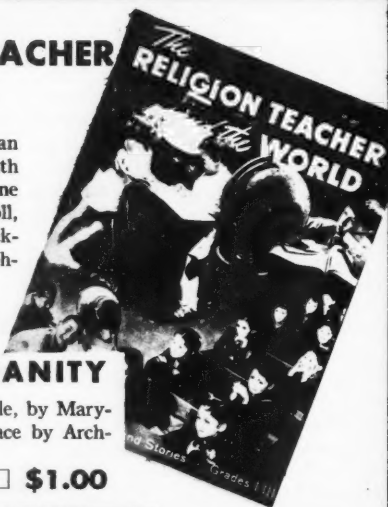
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## WORLD CHRISTIANITY

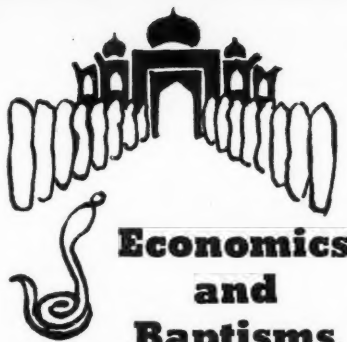
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## Economics and Baptisms

by MARK A. TENNIEN

**T**WO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES northwest of Calcutta are the city and mission of Ranchi. The Catholic growth there is a prodigy, and missionaries all over the world view it with avid interest, anxious to learn its secret.

I did not have time for thorough study or investigation of the reasons and methods of the missionaries' accomplishment, but I did have a couple of days for a quick look, some lengthy talks, and a few notes. A question had long been in my mind, awaiting an answer: Could the Ranchi method of making converts be used in China?

Ranchi Diocese, in the Chota Nagpur district, is just sixty years old. Three-score years ago, there were fifty-six converts and no resident missionary in the area. Today its Catholics number 302,000 baptized, and about 40,000 catechumens are preparing for baptism. Just over a hundred priests are caring for them.

A couple of days of thinking and searching revealed the fact that there were two missionaries whose work molded and stamped the success of the convert movement here. One was Father Constantine Lievens, the pioneer who inaugurated the movement:

the other was Father Hoffmann, who consolidated it: These two missionaries worked almost a generation apart. Father Lievens was a Belgian Jesuit, who came in 1885 and drew the rough plans. Father Hoffmann was a German Jesuit, who worked out the details of the blueprint and made the machine function.

When Father Lievens arrived in Chota Nagpur, in 1885, he was a lone missionary for the district. That man of vision saw that he could make his way to the hearts of the people by championing the cause of the oppressed and poor. Ignorant, poverty-stricken peasants were being exploited and despoiled by landowners, tax gatherers, money lenders, and usurers.

The astounding tale of the success won by Father Lievens, who came in 1885, is best told in figures. A year and half after arrival, he had made 1,500 converts in sixty villages, and opened eleven schools. After another year (August, 1887), the number of his converts mounted to 10,000, and thirty schools were opened. The incredible increase continued; and after four years of work, he had made 72,263 converts.

### Seven Short Years

**O**NE day in October, 1889, he wrote, "I have this very day baptized 1,557 men, women, and children." On November 7, his letter stated, "I have baptized about 9,000, and there are still a great number left."

Father Lievens's span of mission life was all crowded into seven short years. Labors and troubles broke the frame of this man, "avaricious" for souls. In 1891, with a hacking cough, emaciated frame, and tired heart, he went to bed for four months. Then he got up to struggle on, but his lungs were gone. In 1892, he was sent back to Belgium, where he died the

next year, leaving a remarkable record. Father Lievens's method depended largely on the personality of the man himself. It was wanting in some qualities, and lacked a system to make the success enduring.

In 1909 — nearly twenty years after Father Lievens's departure — there came another giant of the missions, a master organizer who gave completing touches to the Lievens plan. This was the German Jesuit, Father Hoffmann. He saw that something was needed to hold the converts close to the Church and to any missionary.

First, Father Hoffmann studied the land-tenure problem of the people, and its abuses. He was a capable man, who inspired confidence in his plans. He presented a plan of reform, which was adopted by the Government and corrected many abuses.

The people were improvident and lacked resources or places from which to borrow in time of need. Father Hoffmann planned and realized a Catholic Co-operative Credit Society, commonly called "the bank," and encouraged the people to save. It was registered with the Government in 1909 and started to expand. People trusted this missionary implicitly, and money came out of hiding places for him to handle.

#### **Capital of Million Rupees**

**H**is bank succeeded, and it is still vigorous and healthy after thirty-five years. It has over 22,000 members and a working capital of over a million rupees. (A rupee is worth about thirty-three cents.) The object of the credit union or bank is to help the people form for themselves a

system of federated co-operative credit societies. Under the present regime, each depositor receives interest higher than ordinary banks give, and borrowers take loans at half the interest rate that banks and money lenders charge. Only Catholics may be members.

To these simple folk, Father Hoffmann was a miracle worker, and they rallied to support his many ideas. He dreamed and schemed for their social uplift. After bringing about land-tenure reforms to help them, he talked and taught co-operation to them. In addition to carrying on this special work, and also writing a dictionary and building up a large mission, Father Hoffmann founded a wholesale-retail co-operative. This failed, for he could not stay in India to see it through.

#### **Challenge**

**T**HE First World War began in 1914, and the German missionary priest's work was finished in India. Interned, then sent back to Belgium in 1915, he could never return to behold the success of his undertakings, for Germans were not allowed in British lands after the war.

The methods of Father Lievens, Father Hoffmann, and other priests of the Ranchi Diocese have blazed a trail in social welfare. This challenges other missionaries to follow — to take up and use the successful organization, with certain adaptations, in other mission lands. With relief and rehabilitation assistance flowing China-wards after the war, we missionaries must not be found wanting with a Catholic social-welfare program, and readiness to act on it.

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During the Novena of Grace, please pray for all missionaries. This novena, in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, begins on March 4 and ends on March 12.

## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**Homemade Coffin:** — The wife of our cantor (who is the entire church choir) died. Because there was no wood in these high altitudes to make a coffin for the burial, the cantor came to the pastor with his problem. With the assistance of one of the young men, the often-painted boards of the ancient church doors were fashioned into a coffin. The cantor was greatly pleased that the "holy" wood should be used to bury his dear one.

— *Father Leo J. Melancon,  
of Fall River, Massachusetts,  
and Crucero, Peru*

**Meditation:** — There is a sad part about being a missionary, and it is truly sad: at times the missionary is just torn to pieces, because there are literally thousands who want his help, his advice, the needed instruction, and the sacraments; but he can't help them, because he is only one man, and wishing won't make him two or three. It makes the missionary feel that he is so insignificant and must depend more on God.

— *Father Paul J. Sommer,  
of Roxbury, Massachusetts,  
and Jacaltenango, Guatemala*

**A Slight Slip:** — Brother William had built a neat little chapel in the Korean village of Nam San Ni. He had even put a miniature bell tower on the chapel. The

plan was that once a month a priest would come to say Mass.

"How nice it would be if we had a bell in the tower, to remind us to say the Angelus, and to tell us when to gather for night prayers," the people said.

So they collected enough money, and Father bought them the bell. On his next visit, the bell was blessed and installed with great rejoicing — and only then did anybody remember that, in the whole village, there was not a clock or watch to regulate the time!

— *Brother Joseph Donahue,  
of Jersey City, New Jersey,  
and Pengyang, Korea*

**Away from Home:** — I was serving as an auxiliary Army chaplain. At one of the outlying units, a Chinese soldier noticed the crosses on my collar. Pointing to them, he himself made the Sign of the Cross.

I told him, in Chinese, that I was a *Shen Fu*, and he began to smile. He told me that he was a Catholic, and that he had not been able to hear Mass or receive the sacraments in two years. He made his confession and received Holy Communion that afternoon, much to the edification of the American soldiers who attended.

— *Father Michael H. O'Connell,  
of San Francisco, California,  
and Kweilin, China*

## Knoll Notes

**Prayer**, study, work, and play are the ingredients that go into the training of a missionary. Three sides of this story are told in the accompanying pictures, which were taken at the Maryknoll Apostolic College, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania.

**Study**—Maryknollers must be trained to think and to understand. In addition to the regular subjects which are part of the training of every seminarian, students for the foreign-mission priesthood must take a few extras. This picture shows seminarians in Spanish class. They study, also, such subjects as mission mechanics, mission medicine, and mission history.

**Work**—Brother Felix, who took the accompanying pictures, entitled this snap of students at work, "We Eat What We

Can." Actually, the seminarians are preserving food from the college gardens for use during the winter months. The manual-labor period at Maryknoll gives daily training in practical matters, to teach the missionary to be his own carpenter, plumber, and jack-of-all-trades.

**Play**—A sound mind in a healthy body is a dictum accepted by mission students. Physical strength will be needed for later mission activities, such as walking on long mission trips and horseback riding on sick calls. Chess is an indoor sport.

Young men interested in becoming Maryknoll missionaries may write for further information to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.





# Bandits in Virtue Street

by **RAYMOND C. HOHLFELD**

**V**IRTUE STREET is a little Manchurian village that you would think no one would ever notice. Set in a rich, irrigated valley, the town consists of a crooked main street, a church, an old folks' home, an orphanage, a number of tiny houses, and about five hundred people. All the people are Catholics; all are farmers.

Because Virtue Street is far removed from the big cities, the country thereabouts was a natural lair in days past for the hordes of bandits who roamed Manchuria. Those bandits pretended to fight their Japanese overlords, but they did not hesitate to rob their own people. A number of times bandits had raided neighboring villages, but Virtue Street had escaped.

The bandits were attracted to the neighborhood by the presence of Mr. Pai, the Croesus of the region, who was noted for his penny-pinching. But Mr. Pai had always managed to keep one step ahead of the raiders, and they had not been able to apprehend him. Since the bandits gave no warning when they planned to attack a place, the people had perforce set up their own system of counterespionage.

## **Tiger Chief Appears**

**O**NE day one of the spies broke into town and spread the word that hordes of bandits, under the direction of the notorious Tiger Chief, were marching on the village. Without further ado, the villagers immediately made for the hills.

Father Armand Jacques, resident pastor at Virtue Street, heard the commotion and learned the reason. But because his curate, Father Edward Weis, was ill, and because he thought evacuation

inadvisable, he declined to flee. When, a few hours later, the Tiger Chief at the head of his horde of plunderers reached the village, he found Father Jacques, dressed in his Sunday best, standing at the front gate of the mission. Considerably surprised and somewhat amazed at the audacity of the foreigner, the Tiger Chief directed his cohorts to hold their fire while he approached alone, wary of a trap.

## **Friendship and Fire**

**"W**HAT are you doing here?" he growled.

"I have come out to welcome you to Virtue Street," answered Father Jacques. "Unfortunately the people are away for the day, or they, also, would be here to welcome their protector."

The Tiger Chief smiled at this remark. "Moreover," continued Father Jacques, "I would consider it a great honor if you would pause at my house for refreshments."

To make a long story short, the Tiger Chief was so taken by the missioner that he entered the mission courtyard, had tea, and refused his followers permission to loot the town. When he left, he was vowing his friendship and admiration for Father Jacques.

The people returned to the village, marveling that it was still intact. Somehow, word of Father Jacques's exploit made the rounds. The priest was feted and extolled. From that time on, relations between Virtue Street and the Tiger Chief were on a friendly basis.

When, in the course of mission trips thereafter, Father Jacques would run into the bandits, who were usually lying in



wait for some unwary traveler, they would come out from their place of hiding and salute him. The Japanese soldiers, who claimed credit for protecting the peace, wondered how Father Jacques could go and come back alive from such places.

About three years later, bandits did break into Virtue Street. Mr. Pai escaped in the darkness. The bandits, angered at losing their prey, poured kerosene on the face of a woman whom they mistakenly suspected of having hidden \$500 in her house. They set her afire and left, but fortunately the fire was extinguished before it had hurt her very seriously. Her face was black for quite a while, but eventually regained normal color. They also took captive one of the young men.

Father Jacques was incensed when he learned of the attack. Contacting the

bandit camp, Father Jacques made known his grievances. The Tiger Chief was surprised. He said his men had made no raid, and he ordered an investigation. Then he learned that one of his lieutenants, acting without orders, had raided the village. The chief spoke — and within a few hours there was one less bandit in those hills! The captive young man was returned to his home unharmed.

But all good things must come to an end. Father Jacques left Virtue Street for another assignment, and I remained there alone. (I had been Father Jacques's assistant for two years.) On the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, I was sitting down to supper. Suddenly I heard gunfire!

I looked out the window and saw two men with drawn revolvers come running into the rectory yard. Before I could move, one of them was at the door.

#### Ear for Token

"ANYBODY here?" he asked me.

I found the question perplexing. Wasn't I there, for one?

He meant, "Is any of the Pai family here?" The bandits had come for Mr. Pai.

He answered his own question — "Nobody's here" — and then went to some other part of the mission grounds.

That time they caught Mr. Pai and carried him off to the hills. Within a few days, a message for ransom reached his home. His wife, fearing to spend his money, did not reply to the message. A week later a little package was delivered to the family. It contained a piece of Mr. Pai's ear. This evidently decided the Pais, for within another week Mr. Pai was back at home, safe and sound except for his bandaged ear.

That was the last time bandits ever came to Virtue Street.



Bandits came to his house — for tea

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



## Another Chance

THREE HUNDRED and ninety-six years to the day intervened between the landing of Saint Francis Xavier in Japan to preach the gospel of peace and the unconditional surrender of Japan in the wreck of global war. "So by the guidance of God we came at last to this country [of Japan], which we had so much longed for, on the very day of the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption, 1549" (*letter of St. Francis Xavier to the Society at God*).

It is a long period, and one that held many golden promises and fateful alternatives. We were not always judicious and constructive in helping the aspiring brother nation to choose wisely. Xavier was followed by a long line of war makers, treaty makers, and money makers, who so confused the issues as to puzzle the good little people more and more. Wrong trails led in all directions, with glittering signposts promising material greatness, and Christian nations were seen plunging along every one of them. Japan made the mistake that other nations have made and are making — no more and no less — but with more inevitability, perhaps, and less conscious sinning against the light. Japan turned away from the faint glimmer of a distant, virtually unknown spiritual ideal as represented by Xavier and his few followers; Western nations in every period turned their backs deliberately on the full glare of Christian truth.

The priests of the Paris Foreign Missions, who have evangelized the barren soil of Japan for a hundred years, always maintained that the country needed some catastrophic humiliation to wean the people from reliance on materialistic aggrandizement and to open their minds to the primacy of the spiritual as the path to progress. The enlightenment came, and again Our Lady's day brought it. We dare to hope that Japan will learn this truth in one lesson — even though many Christian nations have failed to learn it through the innumerable mistakes and apostacies of centuries. One reason for our hope is the forthrightness of the Japanese people in pursuing any goal they set for themselves. Another reason is the heavenly intercession of Saint Francis Xavier in their behalf. And the final reason is one compared to which the first two are as nothing — because the providential times and moments that circumscribe their history indicate a special interest in these bewildered children on the part of the Mother of God.

## Foundations

THE new structure of world peace can be the flimsy architecture of well-intentioned but divided men, in which nobody has any confidence; or it can be the humane, peaceful, and justly regulated world envisaged by the messages of the Holy Father, which would lead eventually, though by no means immediately, to the

completely happy and ideal world of Christian solidarity. It will be a terrible tragedy — and possibly the end of the human race — if nothing better can be accomplished than to reconstitute a patchwork world based on the selfish interests and unprincipled compromises of shortsighted men. It will be a good world — and, indeed the best we could hope for at the present time — if the Christian and non-Christian elements will agree upon the simple and essential principles of justice, equality, and charity proclaimed by the Holy Father; principles, it should be remarked, that are not the unique possession of Christians but are obligatory by their nature on all kinds and conditions of men, regardless of their race, nation, religion, civilization, or culture. Justice and honesty are not duties peculiar to Catholics: they are the solemn responsibilities of all rational men. The world of the Pope's message is perfectly logical and possible for the present state of society right now, and it is intended so to be. It is the only world that will preserve any temporary peace or lead in the direction of permanent peace.

### Morning Calm

THE peace of the Far East will be furthered and fostered by the liberation of Korea, and the peace of the Far East is the peace of the world. People everywhere are thoroughly tired of war, sick of its miseries, stunned by its tragic sorrows, frightened by its awful powers of destruction. They are looking for the signposts of peace, and no better assurance could

be given them than the example of a country that earns and maintains its freedom by virtue of its culture, discipline, and order, rather than by resort to militarism and misrule. Korea is a land that does not rely on war. Its independence is a good omen for a world that wants to be free from war.

### Values

THE unanswerable argument against racial equality is the fact that the practice of it in undemocratic communities is certain to result in unpopular clubs, unpatronized stores, empty hotel rooms, devaluated property, and other financial losses. That is to say, the objection is unanswerable for those to whom money means more than justice, truth, honor, democracy, Americanism, or Christianity. Fortunately there are many who would rather lose a little money and be American — not to speak

of the other ideals that are even more precious and preeminent.

### Hope Eternal

THE WORLD could never be wholly bad once the angel came from heaven to announce to Mary that she would be the Mother of God; and, on the contrary, it must have contained from that time on the seeds of all potential goodness. May that message be heard in every land, by every people, for in that promise of the coming of Christ is their only true salvation, their only meaningful life, their only permanent peace.

MARCH — the month of Saint Joseph.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



**Asia's Youth** — "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . For of such is the kingdom of God" (*Mark X: 14*). These words ring in the ears of missionaries today as they meet, all over Asia, smiling, destitute youngsters, starting out on the road to the future.



# Isle of Women

by GEORGE F. HOGAN

**S**TANDING in the prow of our motor launch as it cut through the waters of the Caribbean, I could see my destination, the "Isle of Women." As we bobbed towards it, I could discern an uneven coastline, eight or nine miles long, shaped like an inverted question mark. At one end lay a village; at the opposite tip, a light-house. The naked, almost-treeless island showed no signs of human occupancy, save in and around the village.

Don Arsenio, my one-man crew, took us into the calm waters of the bay and soon had us securely tied to the wooden dock, which juts out from the main street of the town. It was my first landing on the "Isle of Women," and the place presented a sad but interesting sight to my eyes.

The settlement is built on sand. The main street, which parallels the coastline, and the four lesser streets, which lead up to it from the bay, are no more than continuations of the beach. The houses of the town are one-storied, pathetically weather-beaten affairs of masonry. The lime-coated walls are scarred and blackened; the palm-branch roofs droop. Evidently, the place is no beach resort.

## Sand in His Shoes

**I** HAILED the barefooted youngsters who crowded the pier to see the Padre, loaded their shirtless backs with my mission kit, and started up the street. One doesn't *walk* in this town; he *plods*. The sand is ankle-deep. With the guard of honor shouting questions at me, I burrowed to the plaza, where I caught my first glimpse of the church. It looked like the other houses of the town, except for the fact

that the last cyclone had forgotten to return the roof.

To the east of the church is the rectory. I had lived in more than one such "rectory" before, and knew exactly what was waiting for me. There were two hammock hooks, a sand floor, and a bug-ridden ceiling! Settling down was merely a matter of slinging the hammock, dumping the sand out of my shoes, and taking two atabrine tablets. Then I was all set to try to make friends and to influence the people of the "Isle of Women." Of course, one of the first things I wished to do was to learn the origin of the island's colorful name.

## Off Their Course

**E**ARLY in 1517, there sailed from the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, three Spanish frigates under the command of one Don Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba. A violent tempest arose suddenly, and for two days the winds lashed at the vessels with hurricane fury, hurling them far off their course into unknown waters. Eventually a tiny island appeared before them, and Don Francisco could see a large settlement just beyond the beach.

The outstanding building of the town was an oratory of stone, topped with a straw roof. The landing party found that the building's interior, though small, was neat and obviously well cared for. Along the walls of the room, idols of goddesses, fully clad, peered benignly at their Spanish guests. While the mariners were curiously examining those images, orderly files of women entered the chamber to attend to the care of their idols. Then and there,



#### **Traditional dress of the Mayan women**

Don Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba gallantly christened the island after those living attendants and their ladies along the walls: he called it *Isla de Mujeres*.

Life on the island is not very interesting, as even the inhabitants will admit. The pueblo is small; the interests are few. The food problem is always a trying one, because of the scarcity of meat and vegetables. The children are undernourished, physically and spiritually.

There has never been a resident priest there, and occasional visits have had little effect. We missionaries must live with the people in order to influence them. Today

the church building is presentable but not completed. However, we hope to finish it soon, and then we will settle down among our people.

At first I dallied with the idea of swimming in the Caribbean. The people told me that Father Gerard Greene tried it, on one of his early visits to the island.

#### **Fish Story**

**T**HE idea never tempts me any more. Why? Well, I was willing to overlook the tremendous depth of the water, and was even willing to brave the breakers. But I have never been able to summon up courage to play hide-and-seek with the sharks. Really, the sharks are so numerous that I now almost believe an old sea dog who told me that, every time he washes his net at the beach, he avoids thrusting his hand in the water, for fear that the sharks might take a nibble.

Everyone fishes. The young lads make it a sport. Armed with long, pointed rods, they stand at the water's edge and spear the fish as they wiggle by. I have tried this game, but only to my chagrin. The youngster at my left would flick his wrist and pin a five-pounder to the sand; I'd flick everything, and impale nothing but sand!

One of the great thrills the youngsters have is turtle hunting. When I say "turtles," don't think of those baseball-sized things we have in the States. These island turtles are mammoth beasts, weighing hundreds of pounds. I have seen turtles here the size of Plymouth Rock! At night these giants of the deep like to amble up and down the beach for a constitutional. The native boys swoop down on one from all sides and flip him over on his back with the aid of poles.

So many turtles come to the island for nocturnal promenades that, all over the



territory, the place is known also as the "Island of Turtle Eaters." The turtles thrive here, and the people thrive on the turtles. Turtle meat looks and tastes like good steak. But of course if you, like me, had to eat it three times a day - ! Well, than it tastes like the inside of an old glove.

### Iguana Hunting

THE youngsters taught me another game, that of iguana hunting. The iguana of the Isle of Women is a lizard that attains about one foot in length, is dirty green in color, and looks exactly like a miniature dinosaur. When frightened from its lair in the rocks, it runs on its hind legs for about fifteen yards. Then it stops to look back, to see if the danger has gone.

That is the iguana's great mistake. The boys don't waste ammunition when the creature is running (he goes too fast for that); but just as soon as he pauses to look toward the danger that threatened, the iguana is lost! For already a well-aimed rock is hurtling at his scaly head. At this game, the boys had to admit that the Padre was quite deft: years of baseball have finally paid dividends.

During the past year, I have often visited the Isle of Women. I am acquainted with many of the families now, so the work has become so much easier. Each visit impresses me more and more with the great need the people have for our ministry, and the great success that could be ours, were we to settle down with them. Arrangements are being made whereby this will be possible. With the help of God, we shall see the success



## Three-Minute Meditation

MARY is familiar, of course, to Catholics as "Queen of Apostles." But do we ever stop to realize that she merited that title by years of exile in foreign countries among pagans? She saw mission life in all its phases.

In Egypt with Saint Joseph, Mary was obliged to hide the "secret of the King." Like a missionary in times of persecution, she could not risk endangering her Divine Son by public profession of faith. At times, too, she found herself the only believer in a town of pagans. She was in daily contact with worshipers of heathen gods, and if pagan vice and idolatry are heavy loads on every missionary's heart Mary must have suffered a grief beyond the ken of fallen man.

But great must have been her zeal and joy when she could preach Christ crucified and living in herself, as she abode, during the long years in pagan Ephesus, with the Beloved Disciple. Her Son was no longer a hidden God, but One on high, risen from the dead. Mary perhaps converted many by her spotless life, wherein the virtues of a Christian shone the more gloriously because set in a pagan land.

It will strengthen all who are interested in spreading the Faith to reflect that Mary spent so many of her days on earth among the heathen.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

# Week End in China

by DENNIS J. SLATTERY

ONE of the vivid memories of a missioner is the ease with which most Catholics living in the United States can fulfill their obligation of attending Sunday Mass. It is in marked contrast to the difficulties our Chinese Catholics must encounter to fulfill their weekly duty.

In most of our missions, means of transportation are lacking, and practically all traveling is done on foot. It is usual for an ordinary mission to embrace an area within a radius of twenty miles, and many missions are vaster. This means that some Chinese Catholics must travel five, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles (in some cases even more) to attend Mass on a Sunday or a holiday of obligation.

Chinese Catholics whose homes are fifteen to twenty miles from Church make detailed preparations to attend Sunday Mass. On Saturday morning, after breakfast, one or more baskets are packed with a change of clothing, a quantity of uncooked rice, and some bunches of salted vegetables. The food is enough for three meals. In some baskets a few sweet crackers or several eggs may be placed, and these will be presented as gifts to the priest and Sisters.

The family leaves home shortly after breakfast. After walking all day, they reach the mission at dusk, and are welcomed by the priest and Sisters. The priest takes care of the men and boys, and Sisters take care of the women and girls.

A few minutes of talk over a cup of steaming green tea are enjoyed; then the visitors leave for the rooms set aside for them. There they wash up, change into clean clothes which they have brought

along, and start to prepare their supper.

After all have eaten, night prayers and confessions follow. Then the men return to the men's quarters on the rectory side, and the women to the women's quarters on the convent side, where they have a chance to talk to the priest and Sisters.

Our guests rise at dawn, for the Chinese are hard workers and of necessity early risers. Within a half hour, they are saying morning prayers, followed by recitation of the Rosary. Both exercises are held in common, the men alternating in prayers and responses with the women. While these "country" Christians are saying their prayers, the priest utilizes the time to hear the confessions of near-by Catholics who begin to arrive from their homes, which are a short distance away.

## "Overnight" Catholics

MASS follows, with recitation of Mass prayers in Chinese by the whole congregation. After Mass, the near-by Catholics return to their homes for breakfast. The "overnight" Catholics, who had come from a great distance, cook and eat their meal at the mission.

Benediction may follow. Then all our guests bid farewell to the priest and Sisters, and leave for their homes. Many families cannot reach their own villages until near dark.

So, for some Chinese Catholics, fulfilling Sunday or holiday obligations really requires two days. This fact indicates the spirit of sacrifice that is to be found in our missions. It shows a love of the Mass. It leaves no doubt that our Chinese Catholics appreciate their Faith.



## That Strange Interlude

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**Three reports, recently received from Maryknoll Sisters in China, bridge a gap created by forced evacuation and war censorship.**

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**T**HANK GOD, THE WAR IS OVER! I believe however, that it is going to take a long time before conditions get back to normal. As you can see by our address, we are in Kwangsi again after an absence of a year and three months. So much has happened since our evacuation!

We were in Kweiyang from June until November, 1944. Then the fighting forced us into Chaotung, in Yunnan Province. There we worked in the hospital, helping two Yugoslav Franciscan Sisters, until August, 1945. The prospect of returning to our mission via plane made us leave Chaotung for Kunming in a hurry.

Our Kwangtung, Kweilin, Laipo, and Chaotung Sisters gathered in Kunming and lived with Sister Paul at the Catholic mission there. All this time we looked for ways and means to get back to Kwangsi, but without success. Finally Sister Moira and I were told to "hitchhike," and Father Elliott offered to drive us to the Army airfield to see if we could beg for a ride to Liuchow.

Backed by the Sisters' prayers, we started out at about ten o'clock one morning with our baggage and then drove around the field, looking for a plane. There were

all kinds of aircraft taking off in different directions, and the place simply hummed with activity. Never having flown in a plane, I was bewildered at the sight and the noise of the motors. Fortunately the civilians — and we were the only civilians — were permitted to make the trip by the courtesy of the Army, in a C-46 (transport plane).

Arrived at Liuchow, Sister Moira and I separated, each riding to Tanchuk airfield in an L-5. Now, the L-5's are one-passenger planes and very small, and when they carried us up to the skies we were a bit scared, as we admitted. In an hour or so we reached the priests' house at Tanchuk, and landed.

Some of the Maryknoll Fathers, who had arrived a few days earlier, welcomed us. We stayed at the mission, sleeping in the sacristy. The former convent had been machine-gunned and looted, and it stood floorless and windowless and empty.

### Sisters in Disguise

**T**HE next day, after a hike of twelve miles to Pingnam, we were greeted by the Chinese Sisters and students who had returned to the novitiate three weeks previously. From their refuge in the mission at Topong — in the very heart of the mountains — they had had to run away from bandits and the invaders many times, they told us. Once the Sisters resorted to disguise, using the students' clothes, in order to escape.

We found that the Pingnam convent had been occupied by the Japanese and their puppets for months. Almost all the furniture is gone, windows and doors have been carried away, partitions have been broken down, and the walls and ceilings everywhere are black with smoke. Bloodstains on the floor of two rooms and the veranda are evidence of the truth of the story that three men had been beheaded in our community room. Father Ma tells us that, when he inspected the convent after the intruders left, he found a corpse, which he carried out and buried.

Fortunately for us, Brother Albert is in Pingnam, and he made us a new tabernacle. He is also repairing all the chapel woodwork, while masons are busy elsewhere throughout the house. All in all, it is not too bad, except that the place looks rather bare, with only one chair in the community room, and a victrola cabinet, without the machine, standing in the corner. We are using boards for beds.

There are very few people in town yet, as all the houses along the one main street were bombed, and many were burned down. No one has money to rebuild. On market days the farmers come in with their foodstuffs, and business is brisk. Rice is still very expensive but not scarce.

We have no news of our Sisters in Kunming, except that Sister Paul and her community are ready to leave for Hong Kong any day now. We seem to be miles from civilization and get very little news from the outside world.

— SISTER MARY CHANEL

GREETINGS from this bombed, burned and looted mission! But you would rejoice with us to see how much is left. Here at the convent, the section formerly occupied by the Catechist

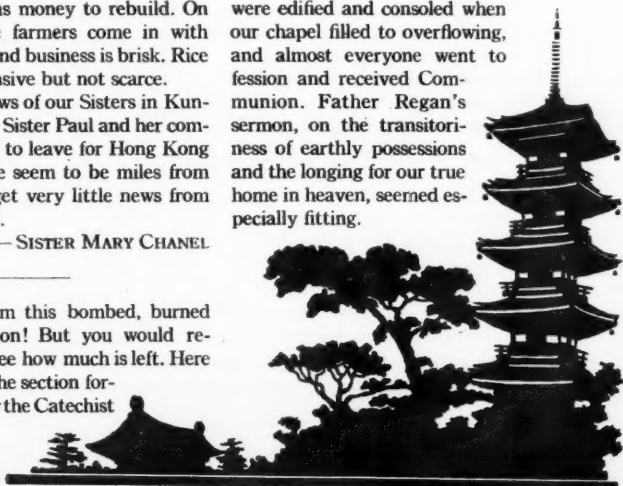
Sisters and the one used for a school are gone; but the center section, which housed the chapel, is still intact, with only the woodwork charred by smoke.

Using parts of this section at present are the Maryknoll Fathers, the Catechist Sisters, and we three: Sister Rose Victor, Sister Margaret Marie, and I. The Fathers have set up their dormitory and refectory on the other side, and when guests come, as often happens with American soldiers passing through, beds are put up downstairs. This, of course, is a temporary arrangement, until the Fathers can put a roof over their heads across the street. But in the meantime, the work needs all of us.

Cholera and malaria are rampant. Every day brings baptisms. I just stepped down to the gate for a few minutes this morning, and there was a little boy to be baptized. He's under Saint Joseph's patronage now.

Monsignor Romaniello left for Kweilin recently. There is no room for the Sisters there yet, so Monsignor warned us to be patient!

The Christians are more fervent than ever. This morning we were edified and consoled when our chapel filled to overflowing, and almost everyone went to fession and received Communion. Father Regan's sermon, on the transitoriness of earthly possessions and the longing for our true home in heaven, seemed especially fitting.



I have not yet told you of our wonderful trip here. It began from Chaotung, where our armed forces brought a weapons carrier and trailer and evacuated us to Kunming. There we spent three weeks.

Then, again as guests of American soldiers, we flew, with our baggage, to Liuchow — a ten-day trip reduced to three hours. At Liuchow we spent the night in a tent provided by the "good old U.S.A."; and then on the next day we came, by weapons carrier and trailer, to our convent gate. We owe our American soldiers much for their special favors to missionaries.

As I write, there is a medley of sounds to punctuate the sentences. Loudest are the hammer blows on the shattered wing being rebuilt; mingled with them are the sweet chanting of the Rosary by the native Sisters, and the discord rising from the street, where a busy market day is in progress — a sign that Laipo is gradually coming back to normal.

We are starting all over again — from scratch.

— SISTER ANTONIA MARIA (M.D.)

GREETINGS from Hong Kong! Our own convent-school building is still occupied by twelve hundred sick and wounded. This increased population, as you can well imagine, makes for great disorder, though

the patients are unencumbered by furniture of any kind whatsoever! There was absolutely nothing left in the building except floor space.

### **Billeted Officially**

SISTER Ann Mary and Sister Famula had come over from Macao a month before we arrived, and were billeted officially in a little bungalow opposite La Salle College. There was no furniture in that building, either; every place had been, most thoroughly looted. Fortunately, I was able to buy from the Army in Kunming a few cots, blankets, and mosquito nets, which help considerably.

Food is still a problem in this area, but we managed to buy a limited supply. If we can get an oven to bake some bread, we shall manage fairly well. The supplies included coffee, some cocoa and milk powder, and all the ingredients that go into the making of an ordinary meal.

Despite the warnings we had been given about the changed Hong Kong, we begged very hard to return. Now that we are here, there are no complaints — just thanksgiving for the privilege of being able to resume our mission work, which is more sorely needed than ever before.

— SISTER MARY PAUL

*The Maryknoll Sisters now number 757 and work in nine mission countries.*

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MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ \_\_\_\_\_, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

As long as possible, I will send \$ \_\_\_\_\_ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

# Manuelito

by HENRY A. DIRCKX

**T**HE SACRISTAN AT SAN RAFAEL became a fast friend of mine. He used to keep me informed of the course of events, past, present, and future — but mostly past. This was not surprising, as his years number at least seventy-five. He belongs to a former generation, one which was noted for its faith and fervor. His full name is

José Manuel, but of course he is usually called Manuelito.

In the days when I was at San Rafael, the church was well filled for Mass, and the people used to come for miles to attend special devotions, especially those in honor of Mary. On many occasions I had the opportunity to note Manuelito's faith and fervor portrayed in his actions. That was especially true when we made the Stations of the Cross after Sunday Mass.

Unfortunately, many who by inheritance belonged to the wealthy class and had had advantages, did not care to make the Stations of the Cross during Lent. They used to leave the church immediately after Mass, but the poor and the unlettered remained for the devotions.

Manuelito, carrying a candle, always accompanied me around the Stations. Instead of being satisfied with a simple genuflection at the "We adore Thee, O Christ!" the good old man went down on both knees, traced with his thumb a cross on the floor, and kissed the spot he had marked. Beyond doubt, Manuelito, poor and not well lettered, showed a deep love for our Crucified Lord.

His method of making the Stations is not at all sanitary, one may say. That is true, of course. But I am sure the fact wouldn't bother Manuelito in the least. After all, he has been making the Stations in this way for seventy-odd years, and his health continues good. It would take a great deal to make Manuelito change his way of making the Stations. For isn't the cross one of our most sacred symbols? And isn't a kiss the usual sign of love?



He loved the Stations of the Cross

# Dorothy Canfield Fisher

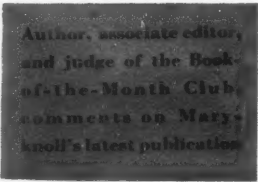
## writes about Chungking Listening Post

THERE are many fine things in *Chungking Listening Post*, Father Mark Tennien's report on his wartime years in China, recently published by Creative Age Press. No one has set before us impressions of Chinese street life and landscape with more vivid accuracy and sure choice of details than this Vermonter, brought up on a farm in the Green Mountains, who became a Maryknoll missionary in the Orient. No one has a surer hand than he for painting portraits, some of them brief, crisp, deftly tossed-off thumbnail vignettes, some of them done with deep divination of character.

### Zest in Life

HE SAYS of himself that he is "no writer, never thought of being an author." never would have set down this record except that his superior decided it should be done; but from a long lifetime's experience as an author, I'll say that Father Tennien can write.

However, the literary clothing, expertly woven though it is, in which this record of achievement is clad, is not its chief merit. Father Tennien is right in protesting against too much attention to him as an author. There is vastly more in what he has to tell us than the shimmer of light and shade playing over the Chinese scene, than the lively, laughing rhythm of good humor, zest in life, and Irish-hearted fun which this Irish-Vermonters flings brightly over the steadfast heroic devotion to duty of the noble Christian



Author, associate editor,  
and judge of the Book-  
of-the-Month Club,  
comments on Mary-  
knoll's latest publication

men and women of whom he tells us. *Chungking Listening Post* is a seriously informative book. The intention of the priest who writes it was not at all to entertain and cheer and inspire us (although he does), but to share

with us a great fund of information which poured in upon him as he labored through the long, hazardous, distractingly confusing war years in the Chinese capital. His superior was justified in insisting that Father Tennien take time off from his field work to set down for other Americans what he came to know of the situation in China.

He was in the Catholic Mission in Wuchow, South China, when the radio gave him the first news of Pearl Harbor, and when he received the cabled directive from Maryknoll to "proceed to Chungking to establish distribution office for missions." Inside that war-torn city, and radiating out from it on plane trips to far corners of China, Father Tennien undertook to get money, food, medicine, and help, not only for the hundred and fifty missionaries in his own order, but also, as far as possible, for all other missionaries in China.

He was soon the center of a network of news contacts with every corner of China. He writes:

"Messengers stole through Japanese lines and arrived with worn bits of rice paper, on which notes had been scribbled before; and they related all that they had seen on the road. Missioners escaped from



concentration camps and either came to see me or wrote to me. Letters and telegrams piled up daily on my desk."

In the chapter called "I Become a Financial Institution," he tells of his widely diverse activities as fiscal agent, distributing the annual subsidies for sixty-two bishops and sixteen hundred or more Catholic missionaries. Funds came in from the United States, from Latin America, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, and the Vatican. With Chinese currency weakening and inflationary prices rising, his financial and economic responsibility as to handling these monies was enormous. Even greater were the problems of delivering funds to the far corners of China, darkened and distressed by intolerable war conditions. With an honesty that rings true in every word, Father Tennien tells us a remarkable, almost-incredible story of resourceful, determined ingenuity, stout-hearted personal courage, and clearheaded financial skill.

But the very finest part of all this fine book is the gallery of portraits painted in it. "All these holy disciples of Our Lord" set before us by Father Tennien are by no means members of his own Society, although, naturally, he knows the Maryknoll missionaries most intimately and writes of them in a loving detail which will make the book a precious permanent record for Maryknoll. Nor does he limit his interest entirely to members of his own Church. It is with a wide-angled gaze that he views the world and the attempt to bring Christianity to the dark corners of the globe. The wiry, ancient, little missionary from Aberdeen, George Hunter, to whose extraordinary story a chapter is given, is a Scot-

tish Protestant, of whom the Maryknoll author-priest says, "If we view his labor as courage, sacrifice, perseverance, it is the success of the saints."

To meet these many varying kinds of consecrated men is a benediction for American readers, abashed and shamed as we often are by the revelation of the materialism, shallow-hearted absorption in their own comfort and financial profits, and callous indifference to human values, of many of the white people in China for business reasons. After reading some of the recent books about English and Americans in the Orient, we are ready, hanging our heads, to apologize to China for the presence in that country of such worthless, lazy, useless, and demoralizing representatives of our way of life. Father Tennien's book restores our self-respect.

### List Is Long

We can all feel proud of the men and women he shows us, who go to China from our Western world: the volubly Gallic Bishop Janzten; Father Feeney of the round, blue, Irish eyes, whose innocent expression was so useful to him in difficulties with the Japanese; the powerfully muscled Father Meyer (from Iowa); Father Chatigny (from Arcadia), the gentle-speaking priest among bandits; Father Glass, the roaring ex-football player, "singled out by his superiors as a natural trouble-shooter" — there's no listing them all, these strong, enduring, zestfully vital men

of God, who pass vividly across Father Tennien's pages. With all their hearts, they joyfully carry out the mission on which they were sent — not only to teach and preach Christianity, but to practice it.

**CHUNGKING LISTENING POST**  
may be purchased at  
any bookstore or ordered from Maryknoll  
Bookshelf, Maryknoll  
P.O., N. Y. Price, \$2.50

**Throughout the centuries,** women and children have paid a high price for war. These three Chinese youngsters (*below*), although belonging to a wealthy family, were obliged to flee from their home. Another group (*upper right*), having found shelter in strange surroundings, have begun again their daily lessons. One of the two homeless women (*lower right*) is trying to salvage a bit of clothing, while her friend seems to dream of the past.





# **We Can't Say "No!" to 200 Servicemen**



**S**OME 200 men in uniform have applied for admission to our seminaries as soon as discharge papers can be arranged. **WE HAVE NO ROOM FOR THEM.** Our training houses are bursting at the seams. Students are sleeping in double-decker beds. In September we admitted 328 new aspirant missionaries, from thirty-two different States. Many more youths, not including the 200 servicemen, will wish to join Maryknoll next fall.

To help us solve this housing problem, Cardinal Stritch granted us permission to establish a college for our seminarians in the Archdiocese of Chicago. Suitable property has been purchased near the beautiful suburb of Glen Ellyn, fifteen miles west of Chicago's Loop. A new building, to accommodate 400 Maryknoll college students from most of the forty-eight States, is being constructed. We are seeking donors to help us with this most urgent project. Perhaps you could tell your friends about some of these needed items:

One square foot of land.....	\$1
A stringless gift.....	\$.
One door frame.....	\$50
Dormitory alcoves (each).....	\$300
Infirmary.....	\$1,000
Classrooms (each).....	\$5,000
Science laboratories (each).....	\$10,000

We shall be grateful for any gift, large or small. Write to:  
**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**



# The Fox Wife

by THOMAS V. KIERNAN

**I**F, AS it is claimed, the story of Cinderella portrays the phantasies of adolescent maids, its counterpart for youthful swains may be found in the folklore of China. As intriguing as the Irish tales of the leprechauns — those elusive "Little Men" — and as thrilling as the European stories of the werewolves, is the Chinese fairy tale of the Fox Wife.

To one acquainted with the age-old poverty of Asia, which all too often frustrates the attainment of a happy home by many hardworking peasants, the narrative of the Fox Wife presents a poignant and realistic example of the lights and shadows to be found in the humble lives of the Oriental millions.

To these forgotten men of nature, the fox is an unpredictable animal; even in the guise of good, it always suggests an unhappy ending. There are few greater insults to a Chinese woman than to call her a "fox wife." The mythical characteristics of the fox are as varied as the legends which stem from his purported craftiness.

## Man's Futile Attempt

**P**ROBABLY the most common fox story in China is that of The Fox Wife, which can be traced back to the Han Dynasty, so many hundreds of years ago. To the superstitious mind, the fox is an incarnate spirit. Perhaps it was a cynic who said that the Chinese tale symbolizes man's futile attempt to understand the eternal mystery of woman, her power, her elusiveness. Be that as it may, the story is told as a good one, and thus it was ever remembered and handed down through the generations by poets, scholars, and drama-

tists. The earliest known Chinese version is as follows:

"A farmer lived for many years in a dismal home. He was too poor to buy a wife. He lamented his unhappiness and his lack of filial piety in not being able to raise up sons for the veneration of his ancestors. He was virtually a hermit; he visited no one, and no one bothered with him.

## Curious Situation

"**O**NE day he returned from his work to find his house, such as it was, well cleaned, a fire laid, and supper prepared. He accepted the curious situation, thinking that some pitying stranger or a passing traveler had paid for rest and shelter in the owner's absence, in this manner. This happened for many days, and each night the farmer's comfort and contentment increased.

"Finally his curiosity got the better of him. So one morning, instead of going to the fields, he hid behind a door to spy on his mysterious visitor. Eventually he saw a red fox enter his hut, turn a somersault, and transform itself into a beautiful maiden. While the farmer watched from his hiding place, the maiden cleaned and dusted the room and prepared the food. When she had finished, she turned another somersault, became a fox again, and disappeared into the woods.

"The next day the son of the soil hid himself again; and again the fox returned, became a girl, and went about the same work. When she had nearly finished, the farmer spoke to her. He told her how lonely he was, because he was too poor to buy a wife. In turn, the maiden expressed



**Father Thomas V. Kiernan**

her understanding. After that they were married, and they lived together for many years.

"They had two delightful children, and the poor farmer was very happy, until one

day he became annoyed at something. Then he accused his wife of having been a fox. She asked him to prove the statement and he foolishly showed her the old fox skin which he had hidden. Much to his dismay, she immediately seized the fox skin, turned herself into a fox again, and ran off with the children.

### **Remorse**

"FILLED with remorse, the farmer waited long for his wife and children to return. They never came, and so he had to resume his former solitary life."

We have seen Chinese farmers who were so impressed with this legendary fear of foxes that they would never discuss them. "Foxes are spirits, you know, and they might take affront from what they hear, and then perpetuate some evil. Indeed, they might be near at all times: the pretty woman who smiles at you in the street might be a fox; your wife, your daughter, might be a fox! Who knows? One cannot be too careful of one's behavior toward the fox!"

MARCH — the month of Saint Joseph. He was the first missionary to take Jesus and His Blessed Mother to heathen people.



## **YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!**

**W**E HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

*Persons sick, 1,513*  
*Persons deceased, 8,880*

*Persons in the services, 1,130*  
*Other special intentions, 2,199*

# The Better Part

by JAMES A. SHERIDAN

ONE EVENING last week, when a heavy rain was falling, an old man came to the rectory. He asked if I would visit his grandson, who was dying. The trip would be a long one, on horseback.

The old man said no more than, "Si, *Padrecito*," and "No, *Padrecito*," for the whole of our two-hour journey.

I found the fourteen-year-old boy very close to death. He was well prepared, and I gave him the Last Sacraments. The poor lad had little or no education, but he knew how to say a heartfelt, "*Gracias, Padrecito!*"

One who doesn't have a good grasp of the spoken language ordinarily says all he can say in fifteen minutes. So, after a visit of about that length, I got up to leave. The grandfather spoke a few words to the sick lad, and then followed me out of the shack.

On the return trip, the old codger talked the whole way. I can't speak the language well, yet, but I can understand. So the old man told me most of his life's history—and it was full of thanks to God and The Virgin.

## Sharing Alike

EACH time he mentioned the names "*Dios*" or "*La Virgen*," off came his hat, in spite of the rain; and off came mine! His story ended with 'this fourteen-year-old grandson, who was certainly the apple of his eye. The boy had been left an orphan when only five years old, and the old man had taken care of him. Later, grandfather and grandson had eked out their existence together.

When we parted that night, my visitor

promised to keep me informed of his grandson's condition. The next evening, he returned to the rectory and told me the sick boy had died.

## Faith of the Poor

"BUT *Dios* and *La Virgen* have him now . . . and he's better off than with me. Only it's a shame that a young life must leave this world so early . . . and an old codger like myself must remain. . . . How much longer must I wait before I go to see *Dios* and *La Virgen*?"

On Wednesday of this week, another man called at the rectory. His nephew was sick. I found the lad to be a young man of twenty years, who was dying of pneumonia.

"I don't want to die, Padre!" he said. "But if I must, please ask *La Virgen* to take me to her home."

On Thursday morning came another sick call. This time it was for a thirteen-year-old girl—an innocent child, who knew she was not long for this world. She was the poorest of the poor. Her deathbed was a few boards, covered with leaves, on the ground. Rags were her clothing, and burlap bags her covering.

What she said when I was leaving, I'll never forget. "When I see The Virgin, *Padrecito*, I'll tell her you were good to me."

Two days later, the poor girl went to see The Virgin. And she must have told The Virgin about me, because in spite of my journeys in the rain, made while I had an attack of grippie, I soon felt better than I ever had in the thirty-one years of my life!



## On the Mission Front



Father Fransen

**Repent at Leisure:** — Some consternation resulted this morning when it was learned that a fifteen-year-old girl was on the point of marrying a boy she has known for only a month and a half. The mother was opposed to the marriage, but she didn't know how to handle the situation. The girl had frightened her by insisting on the rash arrangement. We finally made clear to the mother the fact that it was her duty to prohibit the hasty marriage, since she could do so by asserting her rights according to the law. The girl was finally convinced that it would be better to wait. This evening we learned that the same young fellow tried to get another girl to go off with him, when he found that his wooing of the first did not proceed according to plan.

— Father Robert F. Fransen,  
of Glendive, Montana,  
and Riberalla, Bolivia



Father Fedders

**Back at Work:** — Seven weeks ago Bishop Donaghy, four other priests, the seminarians, and myself, left the mountains and walked about a hundred miles. I cannot describe the condition of our feet when we finished the journey! As we looked into the doorway of our seminary (the door being gone), we saw that it was only a shell: the roof, floors, stairways, windows, and fixtures of every kind had disappeared. Everything had been stolen. I could have sat in the doorway and cried — but then I remembered how much there was to be thankful for, since we had our health and the ambition to start again.

A huge amount of mail was waiting for me, and I thanked God that all my dear ones at home were in good health. I could write pages about our many narrow escapes in the mountains, which clearly indicated that someone was praying for us. We have located our seminary at Taai Nam, in a poor but comfortable place. We have been known as the "Traveling Seminary" but hope this is a permanent arrangement for a while.

— Father Albert V. Fedders,  
of Covington, Kentucky,  
and Taai Nam, South China

**Mud Bath:** — I climbed off my horse and walked a few feet towards the bed of a tiny and stagnant stream. Picking a good spot on the opposite bank, I jumped. The ground wasn't as good as it looked. It was quicksand! In a matter of seconds (three or four, I think), I was up to my hips and still going down rapidly. Fortunately, I was just able to reach the top of the other bank (about three feet high), and by using my arms alone, I pulled myself up. When I was free, I looked down at the quicksand. There was not even the trace of a footprint on it. Chalk up another for my guardian angel!

— *Father Joseph A. Hahn,  
of Flushing, New York,  
and Cobija, Bolivia*

**Hurried Baptism:** — As we finished lunch the other day, a group of women came rushing in our house. One of them was carrying an infant, and all shouted that the child was dying. One glance at the baby made me believe that it was already dead, but I hurried the group over to the church and gave conditional baptism. On questioning all present as to why someone had not baptized the baby when they saw they couldn't get to a priest in time, I learned that one woman had poured water over the forehead. I asked her if she had said anything while doing so, and she replied that she had, and then gave me the baptismal form perfectly. So we convinced the women that, although sharing in the grief caused by the death, they should go home rejoicing, for there was no doubt but that the little soul was already in heaven.

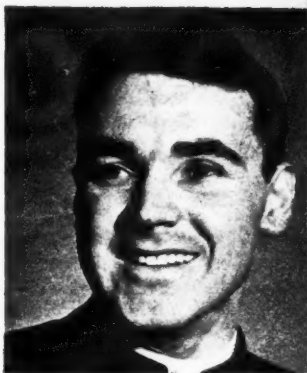
— *Father William J. Homrocky,  
of Cleveland, Ohio,  
and Temuco, Chile*

**Our Lady of Mount Carmel:** — Here in Chile, devotion to Mary under her title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. Every house or hut proudly displays her picture; every second person bears her name — *Carmen, Carmelo, Carmela*. The Army proclaims her as its General; the country as a whole is consecrated to her. Among the simple folk, her feast day assumed considerable proportions.

— *Father John C. Brady,  
of San Francisco, California,  
and Temuco, Chile*



**Father Hahn**



**Father Homrocky**



**Father Brady**

# World Christianity

by JOHN M. MARTIN

## FROM THE CARNAGE OF WAR NEW HOPES ARISE

**I**T DOES NOT require many years of experience for a priest to realize how uniformly God draws good out of evil. As the shepherd constantly comes face to face with the suffering of his flock, he finds that, inevitably, God's greater glory is achieved by permitting the very ones who flout His immutable laws to produce, by their villainy, greater good than the evil they have wrought.

While no Christian can condone the awfulness of war, it is not necessary to be a saint in order to perceive the many benefits which the world conflict has brought to God's Church. Many of those who in the past neglected Christ have been driven, literally, to the foot of the Cross by the battle's awful toll!

Others, in the military service, have had their faith strengthened by visual proofs of the universality of the Church. In Europe, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific, our sons in uniform have found the selfsame Sacrifice of the Mass, Sign of the Cross, Rosary, and all else that goes to make Catholics brothers under the skin. Those servicemen have seen the missionaries at work and have learned how really near home are the "foreign" missions, which used to seem so far away.

This idea was stressed by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, when he wrote recently to Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Holy Father said: "Wherever the contending armies marched, either in the coldest recesses of the north or on isolated and hitherto-uncharted islands of the tropics, they found that another army, an army of peace, had preceded them. A corps of missionaries had been there first, to sow the seed of the Gospel."

And so the Father of Christendom predicts a great rising of vocations to mission service.

### Returning Soldiers

**"I**NDEED," Pope Pius continues, "it may be said that the world has come to know better, to admire and to love in far greater measure, those sons and daughters of Mother Church who renounce all, in order to devote themselves exclusively to the spreading of the Kingdom of God on earth. Thus the Catholic missions may well expect a greater abundance of aid, both spiritual and material, from a world which has come to see at first hand the heroic life of the missionary — and who will say that some returning soldiers will not heed the divine invitation to go back to those far-off lands as members of Christ's own army?"

Still another result of the war is the unique opportunity for the mission movement's success, which is offered by the geographical changes that have taken place. In this connection, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, of Boston, recently stated:

"War has literally changed the face of this world; not merely in terms of government and boundaries, but in the innermost lives of peoples, in their social relations, their commerce, technology, politics, edu-

cation — even in their ways of thinking. Hundreds of millions of peoples have been torn loose from their rooted ancestral life and set adrift on an uncharted course. Barriers, even of ancient customs, have for the most part been swept aside, and a vital, irresistible ferment of new ideas and changing viewpoints is at work.

"Never before, in all the nineteen centuries since Christ lived on earth, have conditions been so favorable for the great mission which He entrusted to His Apostles. 'I have come,' said Christ, 'to cast fire on the earth, and what will I, but that it be kindled?'

"In the midst of charred ruins and smoldering desolation left behind by war, the clean, live sparks of that fire gleam and beckon. Men everywhere are sick to death of strife and hatred. Conferences based on compromise have left the world fully aware of their futility and hopeless-

ness. But souls taught by suffering have come to know God. Now, the knowledge of God is a great heritage. It obliges us to grow ever greater, and to share with others the inexhaustible treasure of our knowledge.

*"We have no right to truth unless we speak it; no right to health unless we serve; no right to wealth unless we give; no right to abundance unless we share; no right to be spiritual millionaires when countless others are spiritual paupers."*

If, because of the war, American youths exchange khaki for cassock and, backed by their fellow Catholics, go forth to enkindle the fire of God's divine charity throughout the earth, then surely the dead who lie where raged the battles have not died in vain. And we shall see the great good that an Omnipotent God can produce from even such an awful evil as the world conflict we have recently passed through.

## Mission Bound

Three new names bring our departants to a total of fifty-two for 1946. Father Francis D. MacRae (center), of Burlington, Massachusetts, is bound for the Chinese mission in Lima, Peru. Father John M. Coulehan (right), of Cumberland, Maryland, and Father Daniel B. McLellan (left), of Denver, Colorado, are going to Hawaii.

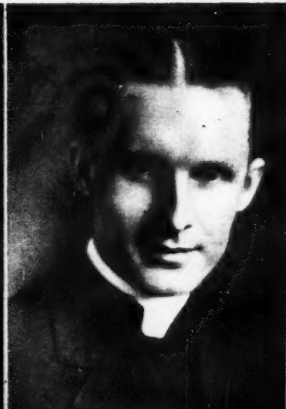
Father McLellan



Father MacRae

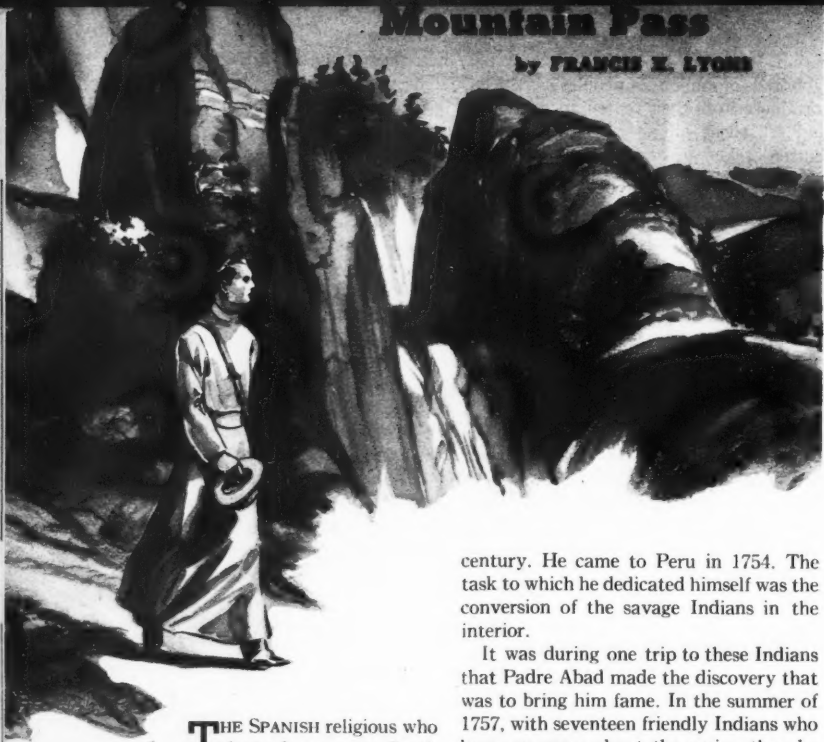


Father Coulehan



# Mountain Pass

by FRANCIS X. LYONS



**T**HE SPANISH religious who formerly came to South America were missionaries twenty-four hours a day; because of their zeal, they were many other things, too. They were scientists, doctors, teachers, chaplains, explorers.

In some cases, history knows those missionaries, not so much for their work of conversion, as for some discovery they made in the practice of their missionary avocations. Thus, the discovery of a pass through almost-impenetrable mountains in Peru, brought fame, two hundred years later, to Padre Abad.

Padre Alonso Abad was born in Valencia, Spain, early in the eighteenth

century. He came to Peru in 1754. The task to which he dedicated himself was the conversion of the savage Indians in the interior.

It was during one trip to these Indians that Padre Abad made the discovery that was to bring him fame. In the summer of 1757, with seventeen friendly Indians who knew no more about the region than he did, he began his journey. The jungle was still in a drenched condition from the summer rains. The missionary's party slashed its way through slimy undergrowth and waded through muddied waters of sluggish streams.

When the thick green mass of foliage above thinned out, and the sunlight filtered down through the trees, the Padre would stop for awhile and snatch a few moments for his prayers. For many days he lived in that hidden world of eerie greenness, longing for a glimpse of bright sunlight and blue sky.

Then abruptly, at the end of the jungle,

he found himself confronted with a great range of mountains. For as far as he could see, they rose up and up, towering over all that flat land through which he had come. The Padre began the long climb up into the cold, rarefied atmosphere of the mountain peaks. When at last he stood on the very top, with the strong wind snatching at his faded and torn habit, he saw below him, stretching for mile after mile, the broad expanse of grass-covered plains.

He saw also a pass through those impenetrable-appearing mountains, and beyond the pass a swiftly flowing river.

With boats made of balsa, the priest's party paddled down the river in search of some Indian habitation. For a week they met no one, and saw nothing but the silent scenery as they drifted along. Then suddenly, on the morning of the eighth day, as the boats rounded a bend in the river, a group of screaming Indians sprang from ambush and attacked them with arrows. Five men were pierced by the poisoned shafts, fell into the river, and were drowned. The rest, with Father Abad, made for the shore, abandoning everything in the boats.

Gone then was the hope of finding a friendly Indian tribe, and gone, too, was the Padre's dream of making conversions. With their meager supplies floating downstream in the abandoned canoes, and they themselves scattered and hunted, the little band of explorers fought their way back to the pass. On the long, homeward trek through the jungle, they lived on herbs and roots and were half starved when they reached safety.

Padre Abad never attempted the journey again. He wrote the report of his trip, and his notes were filed in the archives of the mission.

Then, in 1939, the Peruvian Government decided to build a road through that

same range of mountains, and extend it across the vast Pampa de Sacramento to the river city of Pucallpa. This was a very important project. Up to that time, goods shipped to that port from Lima were carried up the Pacific coast, through the Panama Canal, down the Atlantic coast, and up the Amazon River. The total distance on that route was about 7,500 miles; the overland route in a straight line would cut the distance down to about 625 miles.

There was one great difficulty in the face of the project — the apparently impenetrable mountain range. Engineers explored along its length and estimated that a tunnel would cost vast sums of money. Airplanes scouted the area, looking for a pass; but because of the thick forest growth, they failed to find one.

### **Crumbling Documents**

THEN one of the engineers remembered that Franciscan missionaries had been in that region centuries ago. He searched among the crumbling documents in the Franciscan archives, and came upon the description of Padre Abad's trip. Following the Padre's trail, engineers found the needed pass!

Work on the proposed road was immediately begun. Today that slit in the towering mountains bears the name "*Boqueron de Padre Abad*," or "Pass of Father Abad." There is talk of erecting a monument to Padre Abad, and also to the engineers, at the entrance to the pass.

When that monument is completed, it will be a memorial to Padre Abad, and equally a tribute to all the great missionaries of the early years, especially those priests and Brothers who died in the jungle to take the Faith — and civilization with it — to the Indians of Peru. It will also be an inspiration for us of Maryknoll to follow in the paths of those great Churchmen.



## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

**One Baby, \$5 —** Desperate, starving parents will give their children to anyone who will care for them. If we accept these Chinese babies,

they will grow up Catholics; if we do not, they may not grow up at all. Help us save China's children!

**Merrily We Roll Along** — when we have bicycles. Otherwise we plod; and then we don't go so far or so fast, or get so much done. Who will buy our missionaries two bicycles, at \$50 each, for use on the long roads of China?

**Four Long Ears, Eight Large Hoofs** — two mules, in fact, are required by Father Valladon, in Bolivia. They will cost \$50 each, and will be worth far more to him.

**A Portable Church** — that is what a Mass kit really is; for it makes any table an altar, and an altar makes any room a church. Such a Mass kit costs \$150. One is needed in Bolivia. We ask help to buy it.

**Native Sisters** in China do much that is important and helpful, in the development of a mission. Support of a native Sister costs only \$15 monthly. Please help us train and support more of them.

**Imagine Your Own Church without Pews!** Then consider if you can spare \$5 to buy one of the 40 pews needed for Father Walsh's church in Temuco, Chile.

**A Boys' Club** for Riberalta, Bolivia, by providing wholesome good times, will take the lads off the street corners and will mean much to the community. Bishop Escalante asks \$30 a month to get such a club started. Will he get it?

**In the Year 2046** — Chinese people will still remember and bless the name in which you give funds to build a chapel or church. The gift of \$500 or \$1,000 or \$5,000 will pay for one in a village or a town or a city, respectively. What better memorial is possible?

**They Are Hungry** — the blind, the old, the sick, the orphans of China — and \$5 will push back death for another month! What more can we say? It is as simple as that.

**Weapons against Failure.** Marketable skills can be taught to hundreds of Chilean boys if Father Manning is enabled to continue an industrial school at Talca. Tools, machinery, desks, work tables, instruments — all needed equipment — can be bought for \$2,000. Who knows what this sum might mean, over the years, to Father Manning's people? Any gift will be gratefully received.

**Many Hours of Pain,** much misery, can be prevented by a \$35 medical kit in China, where medicine is so scarce! We need help to get and send important medical supplies.

**Let There Be Light** — candlelight — on every mission altar. A year's supply for one Maryknoll mission costs \$50.





## CHINA MISSION NEEDS

### Chapels and Equipment

Small country chapel . . .	\$ 500
Town chapel . . .	1,000
City church . . .	5,000
Altar . . .	100
Vestments (set) . . .	25
Candles for year . . .	50
Mass wine for year . . .	30
Hosts for year . . .	25
Stations of the Cross . . .	50
Altar missal . . .	30
Benediction set . . .	100
Sanctuary lamp . . .	35
Tabernacle . . .	75

### General Mission Work

Dispensary building . . .	\$500
Catholic Action rooms . . .	500
Rice lines . . .	50
Medicine . . .	100
Education for the poor . . .	25

When you make your will, write in a bequest for the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* This is Maryknoll's legal title. If you wish a copy of our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*, just drop a post card to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



**Children's Hour**—The Maryknoll chapel boat pulls in to the bank of the Beni River. A swarm of boys rush aboard. "Tell us a story, Padre!" they plead. And Bishop Escalante is able to tell them of Our Lord, thanks to the generosity of a Washington, D.C., friend, who provided the funds for the chapel boat.

